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MAKE A MEAL OF ME!

Reckon you've got the nous to wine and dine Alison?

PHOTOS: BOB TWIGG

Alison's one of those fine feline looking fillies we've always wanted to hear purring with satisfaction. So what are the chances?

"Oh, pretty good, I'd say!" she said when we asked her. "It doesn't really take that much to make me satisfied."

Mmm, our kind of girl! So what exactly do you require?

"Well, maybe a posh dinner, a bottle or two of wine, some nice witty conversation and a few compliments to get the ball rolling. After that, well, just a guy who know's what he's doing – someone who knows which bits to kiss, which bits to lick and which bits to nibble. And then, as long as he's got a nice stiff cock, I'm pretty well guaranteed to end up satisfied!"

Well we're not too sure we can help with all that witty stuff, but if it's stiff cocks your after... **JG**



Alison








SEE THIS RAUNCHY VIDEO AT
www.paulraymond.com

















Welcome to Teradis

Porn parties are ten a penny when you're the star of the show, but they're nothing compared to the kind of parties rock stars throw…

Photos: Mike Honcho

Do you remember that old saying 'Life's a beach… why aren't I on it?' Well I always preferred the 'Life's a bitch… why aren't I on it?' version, and talking of beaches and bitches, that reminds me of a time when I was still a single, young, hot and horny porn star around town and I used to get so many invitations to go to parties, orgies and other debauched going ons that my head used to spin with the many different events that I could attend.

But when I got an invitation to go to a 'very big' rock star's party on Malibu Beach, I knew that I just had to go. I'd heard the stories of what went on at his house and now I had the chance to see if they were true. Some of my friends tried to talk me out of it, saying that it really was going to be extreme, but I'd made my mind up and my pussy was dripping with the mere thought of the 'very big' rock star.

I arrived at the time the invite told me to be there, which was early in the afternoon, and things already seemed to be everything that I'd heard they would be – and that was lots of alcohol, drugs and wild sex, I wasn't interested in the alcohol and drugs but I sure wanted some wild sex, and everywhere I looked there was wall to wall hot, steaming pussy of the finest variety being licked, fingered, kissed, sucked and fucked. I could tell by the juice starting to run down my thighs that I just had to have some.

Almost on cue, a very naked, 'very big' rock star made an appearance with a semi hard monster cock that brought tears of joy to my eyes and the hint of an orgasm to my very aroused clit. He saw me and made his way across the orgy that was going on in front of me, took my hand, kissed and sucked the fingers, and said, "Oh Tera, have I got something special for you, walk this

Whilst I was licking away one of the other girls started rubbing my enormously swollen clit…

PORN STAR
TERA PATRICK



way." I put my hand on his hardening monster cock and then lead me in the direction from where he first appeared.

If what I'd already seen going on in the house was anything to go by I certainly wasn't expecting to find his bedroom only filled with women and some of the most gorgeous cunts that I'd ever seen, all just fingering, licking and dildoing each other like a beautiful piece of pornographic ballet before my steaming eyes and thighs.

I just immediately stripped off my clothes and dived headfirst into that valley of juicy pussy!

'Very big' rock star roared with delight and started wanking his now monstrously hard, very big cock before allowing one of the girls to slip almost all of it into her dripping cunt whilst she let out a sigh of pure sexual pleasure, "Please fuck me, big boy. Fuck me till I pass out!" which is exactly what he did, but I only caught glimpses of it whilst I was eating one of the neatest, sweetest cunts that I'd ever tasted, it really was like sticking your tongue in a honey jar, and whilst I was licking away one of the other girls started rubbing my enormously swollen clit and slipped a vibrator into my gushing pussy. As debauched parties go, this one was shaping up to be the mother of them all. I'd only been in the place for five minutes and already I was one part of a giant cunt fest. Everywhere I looked there was sweet, young pussy – wet and gaping and begging to be stuffed full of whatever was available. It didn't take long until I had the first of many, many orgasms that I would have that day, but no one seemed to care that I had come, they all carried on fucking and sucking like they were on a mission to get into the record books for the most orgasms in one house.

But the one thing that I wanted more than anything was to ride 'very big' rock star's enormous cock – I wanted to know if it was possible to get all of it into me. I've fucked some big boys on camera, but none as big as this one.

I brought the cunt I was eating to orgasm, kissed and thanked the chick who had been pleasuring me with the vibrator, and made my way to where 'very big' rock star had just finished fucking the chick till she shuddered and spasmed with a mighty orgasm and was withdrawing his still enormous hard on out of her gushing cunt.

"Tera, Tera, what can I do for you?" he said with a cheeky grin on his face whilst wanking himself.

"Well, I think it's more what I can do for you?" was my reply and I took his cock in both of my hands – there was still enough to fill my mouth with whilst I slowly jerked him off. This guy really was a 'very big' rock star!

"Oh Tera, you are one very hot piece of arse. Please, please let me fuck you."

Some of the other girls had stopped fingering, licking and dildoing and were watching the two us getting it on. I guess when you're faced with the hottest porn star in town and the biggest rock star on record, you just have to stop what you're doing

I pulled off him, took his cock once again in both hands, and wanked him furiously…

and check it out, so you can one day say I was there when…

Now I had an audience I just had to stick that cock into me and see how much of it I could take. I slipped down onto it, feeling its enormity filling my juiced up cunt, and then slowly I pushed down and down, but there was no way that I was going to get it all in no matter how slippery and wet I was.

But what I did have in me was certainly doing the trick and I slowly started to ride him whilst one of the other girls kindly sat on his face to muffle his groans. I also noticed that he was fingering any pussy that was within reach. This man was one seriously talented son of a beach and boy, oh boy was I ON IT!!

We must have fucked for a good solid hour, changing positions, changing girls and basically just fucking like animals. By now 'very big' rock star was getting very hot and was pounding me whilst still managing to eat two chicks out and finger several others – he was more experienced than any porn stud I'd had the pleasure of, and those guys get the chance to stop when the director wants to change angles, rock star hadn't stopped for more than two seconds whenever he wanted to change places. The time finally came when I could tell that he was near to coming and I wanted to see just how much spunk a cock this size could jizz, so I pulled off him, took his cock once again in both hands and wanked him furiously, the chick on his face kept his moans of pleasure firmly on her clit and I was ready to take a spunk bath!

When he came it was like watching a whale's blowhole – it hit me in the face and hit some of the chicks behind me, and suddenly everyone was licking hot spunk off each other whilst 'very

Terapatrick.com

PORN STAR
TERA PATRICK





big' rock star heaved a post orgasmic sigh and fell asleep amongst all the heaving pussy, exhausted.

All the girls were saying how cute he was when he was sleeping, gathering round him and strumming their clits while gazing down at him, but I was still buzzing cunt juice just thinking of how cute he was when awake.

"Hey let's go down to the beach for a swim", one of the girls suggested and before you could shake a cock there we all were, fifteen naked chicks, splashing around in the sea, our cunt juices mixing with the water. Back up at the house, the party was still raging hard, but now, down on the waterfront, there were fifteen horny babes lying on the beach, toying with each other, warming themselves up for another bout of debauched party sex.

For my part, I was busy showing a couple of them how we eat cunt in porn and what was the best way to sit on a face to get the tongue as deep up your pussy as you can while making sure you have your clit pressed firmly against the nose. It makes you feel real special when you're surrounded by hot babes riding each other's faces and asking you if they're doing it right, asking you to feel their cunts to make sure they're sat in just the right spot.

And I bet you wish you were there with us! **JG**

NICE AND NAUGHTY

Natasha's gone and found herself a mucky-minded chum!

PHOTOS: NICOLAS SAGE

We've become big fans of Natasha Nice since we first ran her a year or so ago and realised she had a sneaky look of Michelle Ryan about her. Anyway, there we were watching *Doctor Who* this Easter when the thought suddenly struck us that we'd really like to see Miss Nice getting up to some lesbo filth. A couple of phone calls later and here we are – Natasha and her new best friend Andie getting it on for the enjoyment of our discerning readership!

It's funny how some girls take to lesbiage like a duck to water, isn't it? Natasha was all over Andie's juicy clam like she'd been doing it all her life! In fact we had the sneaky suspicion she'd done this sort of thing before. Still, you can't blame her, can you? **JG**

Natasha & Andie











MODEL BEHAVIOUR

OUR *JUST GIRLS* MODELS ARE A RACY LOT, AND WHEN THEY'RE NOT STRIPPING OFF FOR US, THEY'RE USUALLY UP TO SOME KIND OF MISCHIEF. BUT EXACTLY WHAT SORT OF NAUGHTY SHENANIGANS DO OUR GIRLS GET UP TO, AND WHAT IS A PORN MODEL'S LIFE REALLY LIKE? EACH MONTH ONE OF OUR FAVOURITE BABES TELLS ALL ABOUT THEIR SORDID BEHAVIOUR...

Cindy

I would be a liar if I said that I thought I would end up with a great career in porn. As you will no doubt have seen from my pictures I'm not exactly big up top! But although small boobs aren't everybody's cup of tea, trust me when I tell you that there are plenty of photographers and fans who like me and my little cupcakes!

From an early age, it was fairly obvious that I wasn't going to enter womanhood with a big chest. Far from it, in fact. While all my friends were buying bras and suddenly finding that boys were interested in them, I was left to buy baggy sweaters and tracksuit tops to try and hide the fact that my chest was as flat as a pancake. Every insult and name you can think of, I was called it. I don't suppose the boys in my street were any more nasty and hurtful than boys in any other area, but their constant abuse meant I would cry myself to sleep most nights with

"It measured nine inches, and I've never wanted a length inside me so badly"

cries of "flat chested loser, cupcakes, bee stings, boy boobs" and many more ringing in my ears.

Being an only child meant I had no big sister to turn to for comfort, but I recall the day when I decided enough was enough. I was at my friend Emma's house, and her mum was a real salt of the earth character who very much called a spade a spade. I guess Emma must have told her about my issue of having small boobs so, of course, her mum came right out and told it like she saw it. "Cindy, love, you're a beautiful girl, lovely long legs and a great bum. Don't let any man laugh at your boobs or tell you you're not good enough. You can be whatever you want to be." Her words must have had an impression on me because almost 10 years later I can still remember every single word. I walked away that day deciding to not let the jokes get to me and vowing to be proud of my small yet perfectly formed titties.

Maybe it was that shift in attitude that led me into modelling. After all, there's no better way of showing the world that you're proud of your body than by showing every inch of it off to everybody! Unlike a lot of girls in the glamour business who start off in mainstream fashion modelling I dived headfirst into the world of porn! So you can imagine how nervous I was



on my first shoot. I'd emailed a couple of pictures of me topless to an agency and a week later I got a call back asking me if I wanted to do some nude work. Predictably, with my small boobs and petite size, it was a more girl-next-door type of shoot, rather than anything too glamorous, but I was happy enough. As I put on the short navy blue skirt over my plain white panties I felt a real rush of excitement. Even the fact that the photographer was a bit of an old letch didn't really bother me. The fact that I, little old no boobs Cindy, was getting paid to be a porn model had me feeling very empowered. Keith the photographer was on the floor underneath me so he could get lots of upskirt shots. Even though he was a bit weird, I was very wet and turned on as he asked me to pull my white panties up between my pussy lips. I got even wetter when he told me to slowly peel the panties right off. I pulled them down to my knees and stood there with my skirt pulled up over my waist. Keith's camera clicked away as he took a ton of pictures of my freshly shaven pussy. I was tingling all over by now, loving the fact that I was the centre of attention. "Okay, then, take it all off and let's see what you've got," were the words out of Keith's mouth as he stopped for a quick gulp of his coffee. His eyes didn't





leave me as I unzipped my skirt and let it fall to the floor. Next off was my long sleeved white shirt to reveal my plain white bra. I proudly unclipped it and threw it to the floor. "Where do you want me now?" I asked. "Over there, bent over the desk," was Keith's reply. He finished his coffee as I bent over the cold desk and parted my legs. I was loving the feeling of being totally naked, fully exposed to this lecherous old coffee-guzzling snapper. So much so that I didn't object when I felt his rough hand on my bum. One hand at first, then two, before he was spreading my cheeks apart. "You've got a great body, you know that?" I nodded approval and shifted my legs further apart. My knees shook as I felt his hands move inside my thighs. I pushed my bum towards him, inviting him to do whatever he wanted with me. Keith slipped his middle finger inside my dripping wet pussy. Again, I pushed back towards him, savouring the sensation of this man I'd known for all of two hours fingering my throbbing, wet cunt. He then reached around and grabbed at my tits. He flicked at my nipples and pushed and squeezed them. "Turn round and sit up on the desk with your legs open," he ordered. I clambered up on the desk and opened my legs nice and wide for eager Keith and his camera. He seemed genuinely fascinated by my tiny boobs. He again squeezed at my nipples, which were now rock hard and loving the attention. His hands then moved to my sticky cunt. He ran a couple of fingers up and down my swollen lips before he easily parted them and pushed both fingers inside me. I groaned as he fucked me with his rough fingers. "Lie back on the desk," he groaned, "let's give those little titties of yours some attention." I spread myself back on the desk and watched as Keith unzipped his jeans to reveal a surprisingly large cock. He moved closer to me with his rapidly stiffening dick and rubbed it all over my tits. The tip of his fat cock leaked pre-come all over my nipples. The fact he was so interested in my boobs was turning me on like crazy. I felt like a slut for letting the photographer have his way with me on my first shoot, but at that moment I just didn't care, all I wanted was to be fucked.

"So, you like being a model, eh Cindy? You like having fingers and cocks and cameras all over your body?" It was all I could do to nod my head in approval and slowly rub at my clit. Keith grabbed hold of my ankles and pulled me to the edge of the desk. He then placed my feet on his shoulders and edged his fat, hard cock towards me. It must have measured a good nine inches – and I've never wanted a length inside me so badly. The pre-shoot nerves, undressing

for the camera, the worry over the reaction to my small boobs... everything was boiling up into this one moment of having my photographer's cock inside me. Keith rubbed the tip of his dick up and down my lips and then squeezed into me. His fat meat easily filled me up to a point where I'd never felt so full of cock before.

Keith was sweating and grunting as he rammed in and out of me. I was really loving the feeling of his large dick filling and stretching me. My boobs are on the small side and my pussy is too, so Keith's large dick was really juicing me up. Keith looked me in the eye and said he was going to cum on my tits. I nodded and urged him to do so. He slowed himself down and withdrew his cock from me. I admired his glistening length and reached out to wank him. He steadied himself with a hand on the desk as I built up speed. Without warning he shouted out and let loose with blast after blast of creamy hot jism that splashed all over my chest. He rubbed his spunk all over my nipples with the tip of his cock and told me not to move because he wanted to take pictures of my cum-soaked tits. I think that was the best thing about the whole shoot, the fact he wanted extra pictures of my boobs covered in spunk. It really made me believe that small boobs are just as good as big ones. As I say to all my boyfriends (and a few photographers!) it doesn't matter how big they are, you can still have lots of fun with them! **JG**







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Sophia





Everyone's got a kink – something that turns them on over and above the usual heat of passion – and Sophia is no exception.

"I really like it when a guy rubs my pussy through my panties. It's so much more erotic to have someone get you wet before they've actually touched your pussy, I find. In fact, most mornings, when I'm getting dressed, if I put on my favourite pair of cotton knickers I can't help but have a little rub until the material get damp – that really sets me up for the day! I like it best when a guy is between my thighs and is rubbing his hard on against my crotch. If he fucks me without actually taking my panties off then I know I'm going to have a massive orgasm!" **JG**











Quest

Have you ever wondered how those poor overworked students unwind in between their hectic lecture schedules? Then allow this month's Quest girls to enlighten you...

Name: **Rhona**
Age: **21**
Occupation: **Student**

I'm a third year junior honours student at a Scottish university, doing a degree in Sociology and Social Anthropology, and after more than 30 months here I feel like the campus is my second home. Mine is one of the oldest and biggest universities in the country, and I still get huge enjoyment from just being around all this fabulous gothic architecture, with all its 17th century covered walkways and cloisters.

I was sheltering from the rain in one of these cloisters one day last year when I met my current boyfriend, Grant, who's in his final year doing Engineering. He saw I was smoking, said it was a filthy habit, then grinned and asked if he could bum one off me, since his last one had got soggy and fallen to bits in the downpour. That's how we got talking.

My long hair was plastered to my face, and my clothes were clinging to my body. It was raining hard and everyone was running for cover, intent on making their way to lectures, or back to their rooms. I offered the packet to Grant, whose eyes seemed to be locked onto my tits as he muttered "Thanks".





He took the smoke from me, and, as he did so, his fingers lightly stroked the back of my hand. Instinctively my eyes moved to his groin and I smiled to myself as I realised that the sight of my rain-soaked 'wet t-shirt effect' cleavage had given my new friend a massive hard-on. Dragging my eyes away from his crotch, I looked him in the face. For an instant our eyes met and he winked.

His swollen helmet pushed against my soaking pussy lips and slid easily inside my warm, wet hole

Grant was tall, lean, and fit looking, but best of all was the growing bulge in the front of his trousers. With a cheeky grin he reached out and squeezed one of my boobs, and, lowering his voice in conspiratorial fashion, he suggested we find somewhere more private. I nodded and allowed Grant to take my hand and lead me up one of the stone stairways from the cloisters.

We went up to the third floor and Grant opened a large wooden door, drawing me inside after him. I had never been in this part of this building before and guessed that this must be some sort of common room, as there were a couple of old desks with computers, chairs and crumpled papers strewn around.

Grant locked the door and pulled me to him, kissing me as his hands groped down inside the rear of my jeans and into my knickers. As he squeezed my arse-cheeks I spread my thighs wider, sucking on his tongue as it pushed its way deep inside my mouth. My pussy was already soaking wet, and I reached down to release his cock.

As my hand went inside his boxers, however, Grant broke our kiss, and, stepping back from me he undid and took off his jeans. His boxers quickly followed, and he took his cock in one hand, stroking it until it was fully erect.

It was huge. One hand was barely sufficient to hold it. He was circumcised, and his deep red helmet looked so inviting that I licked my lips as I reached for it. Grant's hands tugged down my jeans and panties, and as I gripped his cock he pushed two fingers inside my soaking wet pussy. In and out his fingers slid with ease, frigging me until I felt my pussy tighten around his digits and my excitement built up to a loud, mind bending orgasm.

I had a huge smile on my face afterwards, and I sank to my knees on the worn carpet tiles and reached up for that huge juicy cock.

I slid my lips around his swollen helmet and drew it in, taking as much of his length inside my mouth as I could and only stopping when his bell-end touched the back of my throat. With my mouth full of cock I looked up at him as he stroked my long wet hair back from my face.

He smiled down at me, watching my cheeks bulge with cock. Grant wrapped my hair around his hands and pulled my head gently back. Steadying it, he continued to shunt his big cock in and out of my mouth. He must have felt himself getting close to coming, though, because he gradually slowed his thrusts and eased his cock out.

Helping me to my feet, Grant pushed me back against one of the desks. Then he eased my thong down my thighs and returned his attention to my needy slit, fucking me gently with a finger.

Grant slowly pulled his finger out, replacing it with his cock. His swollen helmet pushed against my pussy lips and slid easily inside my warm, wet hole. With my arms around his shoulders, I held on tight as he gripped my arse-cheeks, raising me up so he could push all the way inside me.

My pussy went into spasm, gripping his shaft, and I wrapped my legs around his waist as he began to fuck me, hammering his cock into my pussy while his strong hands cupped my buttocks.

I gasped for breath, thrilled by the sensations as he pulled my wet top and bra up over my tits and began gently pinching my nipples. Jolts of pleasure shot through me as he drove his hard cock in and out time and time again, until at last he came, firing his warm load deep inside my pussy.

Name: **Jane**
Age: **23**
Occupation: **Student**

As an Agriculture graduate reading for my Masters in Animal Nutrition, I'm a year or two older than most of the final year students I stay with in the halls at my university, and a good four years older than the first years. Most of the time I thought nothing of the age difference, but every so often I used to get infuriated by the immaturity of the 18 and 19 year olds, who have no experience of the real world and frequently give students a bad name with their childish behaviour and idiotic pranks.

I don't get so irritated anymore, however, because if a couple of first year medical students hadn't played a stupid practical joke on me with a body part they'd 'borrowed' from the university hospital morgue I would never have met Angela.

I was putting up some things I had for sale on cards on the Student Union notice board, when these two med students asked me if I needed a hand. When they dropped an actual hand in my shoulder-bag and legged it, I got such a shock I screamed the place down.

Luckily Angela, who is a student counsellor, was nearby and heard the commotion, and it was she who calmed me down.

Afterwards we went for a quiet talk and a lot of things came out. I felt she was someone I could trust and volunteered my biggest secret, namely that I'm bisexual. It turned out that Angela, who's only about three years my senior, is a lesbian, and, to cut a long story short, we've been lovers pretty much ever since.

Angela is a very passionate woman, and even from the first time we got together she showed me this side of her personality. This was just a day or two after we first met. She had asked me to drop by her office for a chat to see if I was okay, and I couldn't wait. From the moment I'd met her I had felt an attraction. She was so beautiful, from her curvy hips to her full and invitingly kissable lips. Knowing one another's sexual leanings simplified things, and now that it was out in the open it was easy for us to become intimate.

Fingering my dripping slot, she pulled my hot, wet pussy petals apart and dipped a finger deep into my cunt

In fact, so strong was the attraction that I had only stepped inside the door of Angela's office that second time when we fell into one another arms and our mouths met. Her lips were full and sensuous, and as our tongues played together I felt a deep throb begin to grow between my legs. Our hands lightly caressed each other, and, after she had checked the door was secure, we undressed one another slowly.

Seeing Angela naked was beyond my fantasies, and the more I looked her over the hotter I became. I sat on the worn leather sofa that she used for her work, and, leaning back, I put my weight on my hands while spreading my legs wide. Angela moved between my legs and began caressing the inside of my thighs, before eventually moving up to explore my juice-glazed labia. Fingering my dripping slot, she pulled my pussy petals apart and dipped a finger in me. She smiled broadly, scooping out a fingerful of my juices, which she savoured on her tongue before licking her fingers clean. My pussy was eager and aching hot as Angela slipped a pink vibrator from her desk. Kissing me on the lips first, she held the vibe to my lips and asked me to lubricate it. Seeing her excitement as she moved it back and forth between my lips made me feel hornier than ever, and I began stroking and kneading her beautiful full tits, pausing occasionally to tug and tweak her nips.

Angela sighed as my touch made her body tremble with desire, and, sliding the vibrator from between my lips, she fed it deep into my sexed-up slit. I lay further back into the sofa, closing my eyes as I allowed the vibrations to pleasure me.

Switching the vibrator on to high, Angela moved on top of me, lowering herself onto my body just as my male lovers would. Our erect nipples met, touching against one another as I wrapped my arms around her neck and crossed my ankles behind her waist. I pulled her lower half tight against me so that our pubic bones could move against one another's. The vibrations seemed to work for Angela too, because she gasped and began to hump her body against mine. I slipped my tongue between her soft





lips, pushing it into her mouth, and she sucked sensuously on it. With my legs locked together high up her back now, I ground my pussy against hers, sending pulses through my cunt as Angela groaned and pushed back into me.

We moved our hips in unison, rubbing our clits against each other's mounds.

Our climaxes hit us at roughly the same time, leaving us whimpering with excitement and very short of breath. I pushed my hips forward into her with all my might, the inside of my pussy bearing down on the vibrator as we came together.

We lay still for a while, then Angela wriggled down between my legs, and, spreading my labia, sucked my clit between her lips. As her tongue hit my love button, I came hard, my swollen clitoris throbbing hotly as I climaxed repeatedly.

She continued to eat my pussy with enthusiasm. Then, taking hold of my legs, she pushed them up, and, holding them steady, continued to tongue-fuck my hot pussy.

Inserting one, two, then three fingers inside my soaking hole, Angela shunted them in and out until I was almost over the edge again.

I wanted to taste her as I came, so, toppling us both off the sofa, I gently wrangled our bodies until we were in a 69. As I began to lick her pussy she reciprocated by finger-banging and tonguing my pussy. Before long I felt my back stiffen as my fanny quivered and I let go, allowing myself to come, writhing, jerking, wriggling and stifling my cries of total pleasure.

I ground my pussy against hers, sending pulses through my cunt as Angela pushed back into me

Name: Caitlin
Age: 20
Occupation: Student

I'm Caitlin. I grew up in London but I'm studying Chemistry up in the wilds, so to speak, at the University of Newcastle. At first I found it hard to fit in when I wasn't in class, but I've come to absolutely love the place in the two years I've been here.

While I found it hard at first to make new friends, one of my Lecturers couldn't have been more friendly. At first I didn't respond to his overtures, thinking he was too old for me. But that changed once I got to know him and discovered how hot and sexy older men can be.

Of course we have to be careful, as John could be in trouble with the faculty for having sex with a student. It's not a hanging offence, but the Chancellor frowns on these kinds of liaisons.

Even so, we are so hot for one another that we sometimes risk having a quick shag at John's house, which he rents from the university, even though it's technically on the campus and he sometimes holds seminars there.

Just last Friday one of my lectures was cancelled, and, as John was also free at the same time, we had an opportunity to have some extra-curricular fun. Once he'd made the arrangements by texting for me to meet him at his place, I hurried away to pretty myself up in the ladies. I was feeling so horny that my panties were soaking wet, so I slipped them off, and, fluffing up my hair, I refreshed my bright red lipstick and headed for his house.

I was hardly inside the door when John kissed me briefly on the lips and, telling me how badly he had been needing a blow-job all morning, he asked me to suck his cock. Happily I agreed, as I love sucking cock, and the submissive, slutty way it makes me feel inside. Unbuttoning his trousers, John dropped them clear of his hips, pulling his boxers down with them. I was eager to taste his hard cock, and, since he had said he was desperate for lipstick on his shaft, I was eager to oblige him.

As gracefully as I could, I sank to my knees on the floor, wetting my lips in anticipation of the treat in store for me. Taking hold of his thick hard shaft I slid my glossy red lips around his engorged helmet as John groaned quietly and toyed with my curls. Tilting my head back took him deeper,









relaxing my jaw so that he could thrust his cock in until it touched against the back of my throat.

This always gets him going, and he shunted his dick back and forth while I held onto him, gripping his buttocks and digging my long nails into them as he fucked my face. Then he must have realised how close he was to coming, because he gradually slowed his thrusts, and, with a low moan, eased his cock out of my mouth.

John helped me back to my feet, kissed me, then began to unbutton my jeans and wrestle them off. Surprised that I was wearing no knickers, he teased me about being impatient before focusing his attention on my damp pussy. By then I was very hot, and when he began to finger me, moving two then three fingers inside me as he frigged me to the edge of orgasm, it was one of the most exciting feelings ever.

That's one of the advantages of having an older lover, as John is an expert at making a girl come and knows just how to crook his finger to hit my sweet spot. It didn't take him long to get me right where he wanted me.

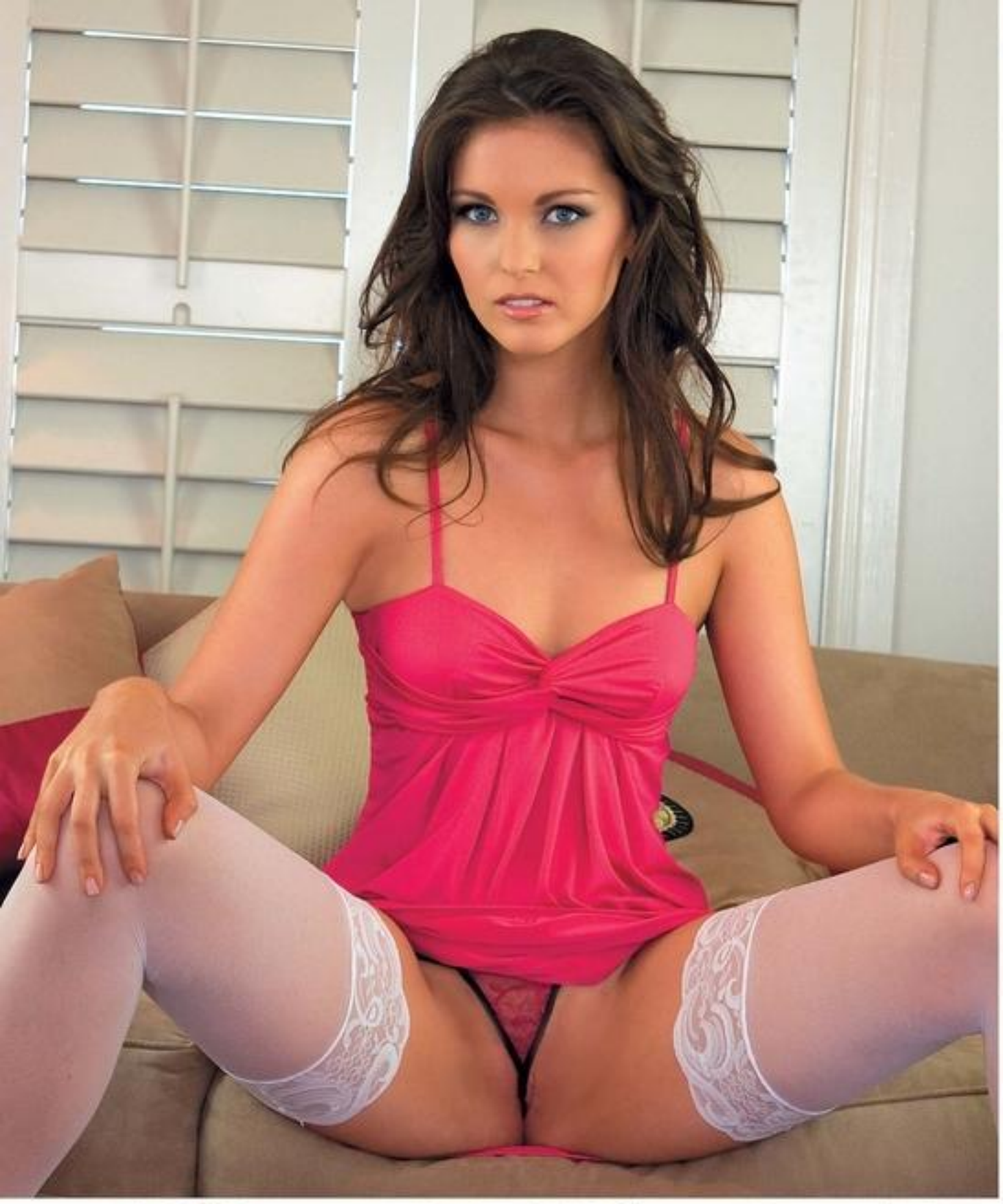
As my pussy clenched and contracted, John slowly pulled his finger out and replaced it with his cock. Nudging his dick against my wet entrance, he parted my slick pussy lips and slid inside my warm, welcoming fanny. I wrapped my arms around his strong shoulders, and his big, rugged hands gripped my bum, lifting me so he could ram his cock inside me.

Then, with his prick deep in my pussy, he pressed my back against the door and fucked me like a madman, vigorously pumping my tingling slit, his knee banging against the wood. He fucked me in this position for two full minutes, slamming into me with all his strength. My breath came in gasps but John wanted to really fuck me, so he let me slide down towards the floor, still impaled on his cock.

As we reached the floor, he rolled us over so I was underneath him. Pulling off my top he began to play with my tits through my bra, eventually pulling it out of his way so he could suck on my nipples. This made me even hornier, and my pussy spasmed on his shaft as he fucked me again at full tilt. I shook as I climaxed, feeling the first glow of my orgasm spread through my hot pussy, and I came hard and long. It was fantastic.

With the patience of an expert, he waited until my orgasm had peaked before diving his cock more forcefully inside me and shooting his hot, creamy load deep inside my pussy. **JG**









POSTER POSER

Ayva

We had a letter from a reader the other week asking us if Automodelz was some crazy futuristic production line that churns out spectacularly gorgeous lady robots for use in top-shelf magazines. Yes, Mark from Swindon has obviously been watching too many science-fiction movies, but I must say that even here at *Mayfair* we're frequently amazed by the rate at which the Automodelz crew keep conjuring up stunning new girls like Ayva here. Well, I say 'crew'. Our only contact at Automodelz is someone called 'Doctor X', so I guess we should be heaping the praise on him. If only he'd start referring to the girls by their names, and not these weird serial numbers that he uses, and not insist that we only communicate with him by snail mail through his mysterious postal address at: 1 The Laboratory, PO Box 2010, then I think he'd be the perfect photographer. **JG**



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READER'S GIRLFRIEND

Fancy a Reader's Girl slot? Then send a picture, along with your name, address and a contact telephone number to: Readers' Girls, Just Girls, 3rd Floor, 207 Old Street, London, EC1V 9NR (or email clubint@paulraymond.com). If you've got the Club look you'll get a top photo shoot and a £250 cheque, too!











NAME: Vicky **AGE:** 22
VITAL STATISTICS: 32B
WHAT'S SHE LIKE? Sex!

WHY DID YOU WANT TO APPEAR IN JUST GIRLS?
I used to go out with a guy who was a regular reader, and we liked to flick through the mag together before we had sex. It slowly dawned on me over the months that the thought of appearing in the mag was really turning me on, so here I am!

BUT NOT WITH THAT BOYFRIEND IN TOW?
No – apart from the sex and the love for *JUST GIRLS*! – we didn't have that much in common, so we went our separate ways. Still, even after we split up I was still fantasizing about appearing, so a couple of months ago I took the plunge.

AND IS IT AS EXCITING AS YOU'D EXPECTED?
Well, it's actually very different from how I'd imagined. It's much more professional! I thought everyone would be ogling me, but there's a lot of technical stuff to do with lighting and stuff!

DON'T WORRY – THERE'S PLENTY OF OGLING GOING ON! AND THAT'S BEFORE YOU'RE SEEN BY THE READERS. TALKING OF WHOM, HAVE YOU GOT ANY MESSAGES?
Umm, nothing really – except I hope you all enjoy looking at these pictures as much as I did having them taken. Please write in if you do! **JG**





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READER'S GIRL APPLICATION FORM

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IF SO, WHICH ONE?

WHAT DO YOU LIKE MOST ABOUT JUST GIRLS?

PLEASE TICK IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO BE ON OUR MAILING LIST ☐

Send to: **Readers' Girlfriends, Just Girls, 3rd Floor, 207 Old St, London EC1V 9NR**

Please enclose a recent photograph of yourself, preferably nude, in underwear or a swimsuit.

Alternatively you can email your photographs and details to:
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Bridget







If you're ever lucky enough to meet Bridget, whatever you do don't offer her a banana, unless you peel it first, and definitely don't put a bowl of custard in front of the gorgeous lass. You see, Bridget can't eat or drink anything that is coloured yellow.

Egg white – yummy! But leave that yolk in the middle of her fry up and the hot blonde stunner is likely to give you a good slap for your troubles. "I can't eat cheese, unless it's Red Leicester," she told us, whilst tucking into a stick of celery, "and M&Ms are a real problem. Even slightly yellow foodstuffs are a no no, like vanilla ice-cream or cauliflower cheese."

So where does this aversion to yellow foodstuffs come from?

"I don't know," she told us, "it's one of those irrational things that I've always had. Like every time I see a midget I want to tickle him, or you know how you sometimes get an urge to Tipp-Ex a knob onto a bald man's head. The human brain, it's a complicated thing," she laughed. **JG**







Ennie

LAST, BUT NOT LEAST!

Got room for one more cutie? Thought so...

PHOTOS: MARTIN FOX/TIM PATEK

Making sure that every single girl you feature's an out-and-out hottie can be a bit of a job sometimes, so it's no wonder that a lot of magazines out there have let their standards drop a tad by the time they've got to the back of an issue, Not us, though! When you've got a reputation to maintain, you can't afford to stick some old munter in the back – and to prove the point this month, we've got the delicious Ennie here in to bring up the rear – and what a rear it is, too! Usually we'll get a girl to peel off her stockings at some stage, but there was something about the way those frilly stocking-tops set off that fantastic arse that we just couldn't resist, so in the end we asked her to keep them on, and she was happy enough to oblige.

"I love wearing stockings!" she gushed, when we told her what we'd like her to wear for this shoot. "Sometimes I just like to dress up in them so I can look at myself in the mirror – it gets me really horny!"

Well, if you put it like that, we can see what you mean! **JG**







SEE THIS RAUNCHY VIDEO AT
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Jessica

Tits as big as your head. There's nothing quite like a giggly, busty blonde to cheer you up on a Monday morning. Particularly if you just happen to be sunning yourself in a foreign country whilst pretending to be working your little socks off. Which of course, we do. Goes without saying. All work. No fun. Apart from watching the likes of Jessica wobble her way through a photoshoot. Trust me, this was proper 'jelly on a plate' territory, and all was going well until snapper Darren threw a dirty rag on the ground for Jess to rest on. Luckily, she believed me when I told her the potential skin irritants she could pick up could only be removed with saliva… **JG**







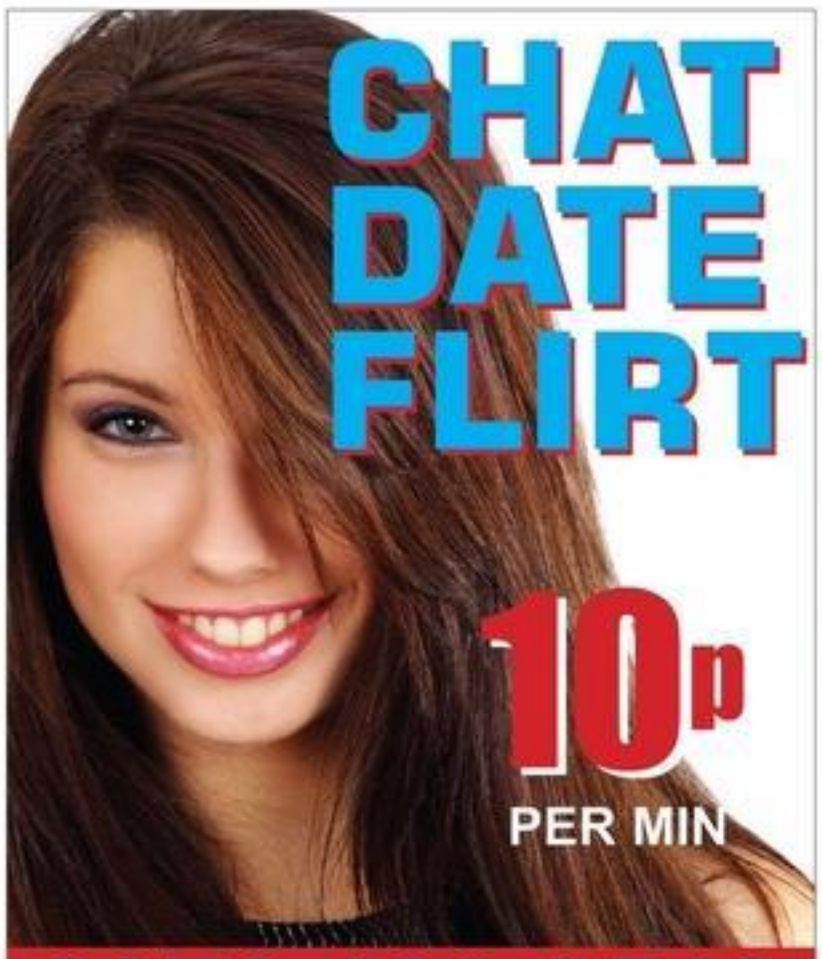












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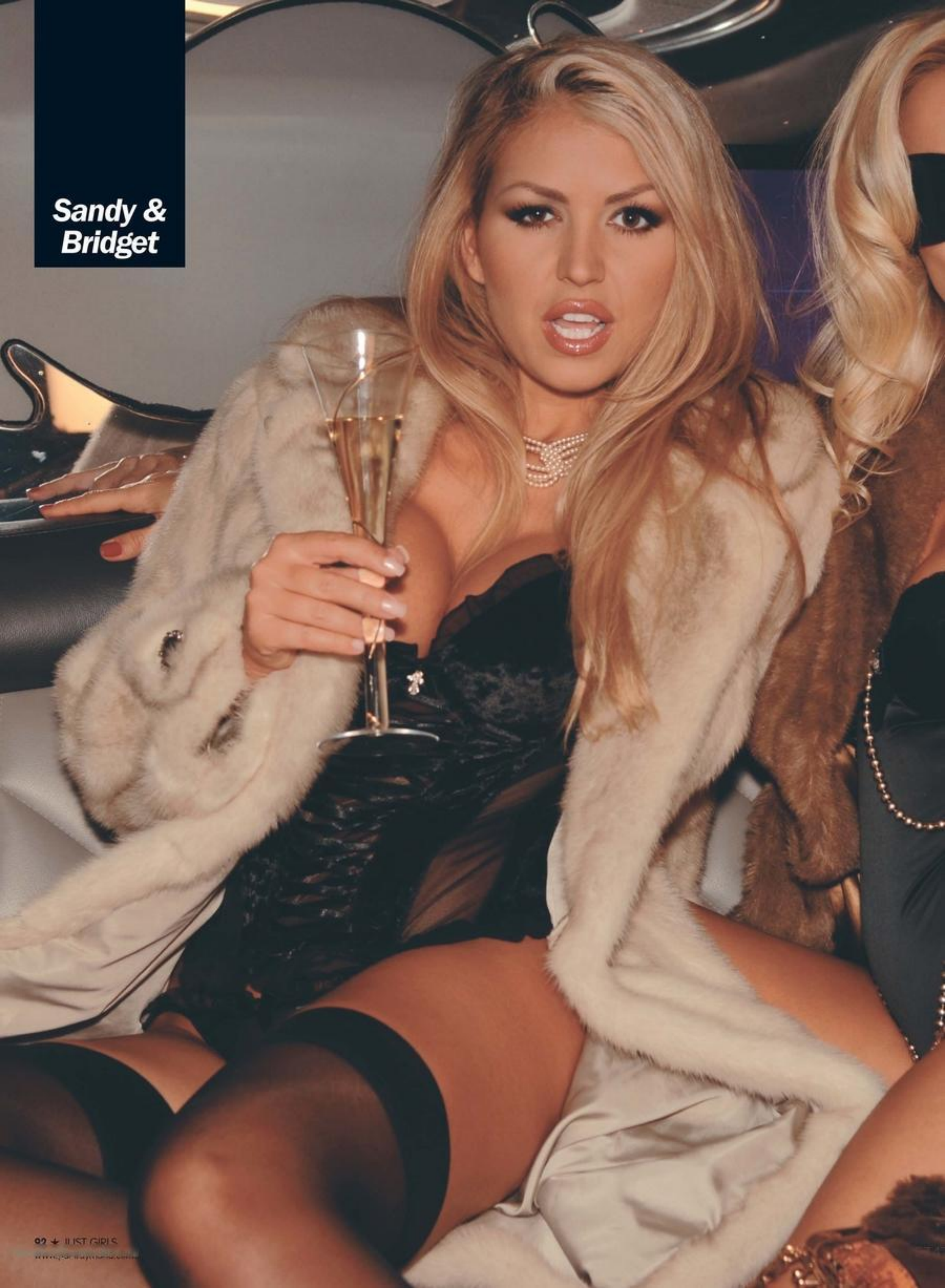
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VOLUME 28 NUMBER 8 ON SALE 8TH JULY


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JG









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